# ONE FOURTH HE REALLY ENJOYED

## Tommy's Time of Happiness That Stayed With Him for Many Days.

"Sh-s-wee; sh-s-wee!" squeaked the saw, as it gnawed its way slowly into a knotty limb.

It was a hot day, and the saw was dull, and the boy was a mite of a fellow.

"Sh-s-wee; sh-s-wee!" And all the while the thoughts of the boy were surging out to the other boys, who were exploding torpedoes and crackers on the village streets, and to the big parade at midday and the fireworks in the evening.

As soon as this limb and three others were done, he would be free to go. He looked at them critically, and calculated how long it would take.

He would not have any torpedoes or crackers to explode, but he could look at those of the other boys and listen to the noise. And it would not matter so very much if they did laugh at his clothes. Fourth of July didn't come very often, and he could stand a little jeering for the pleasure of the holiday.

He did not feel any pity for himself, or think it hard that he must go into the woods every morning to gather limbs, and then spend the greater part of each day cutting them into convenient pieces for the stove; but he did feel sorry that his mother could not spare a half day from her washing and ironing, or even time to go out with him to listen to the delightful snapping of the torpedoes and crackers.

At last there was sufficient wood for the day, and with bounding heart but shrinking form he stole along the sidewalks, watching and listening eagerly, though keeping himself as much as possible in the background. Up and down one street after another he moved, finally pausing at a yard that was delightfully noisy with explosives.

The tight board fence was too high to peep over without raising himself on tiptoes, but the gate was several inches lower. Here he stopped and caught his breath at sight of a boy holding a lighted match to a giant cracker.

The boy was Roy Green, the doctor's son, and with him were Bobby and baby Edith. He knew them all by sight, and his eyes shone with admiration at the cool composure with which Roy was doing his lighting.

He had never been spoken to by Roy. His heart gave a sudden bound at a cordial: "Hello, there, Tommy! Won't you come in and help us fire these things off?"

Tommy fairly gasped at the idea, and his gaze stole rapturously to the crackers lying about the ground, and to the big box of torpedoes.

It was strange, incomprehensible. He did not know that the night before Doctor Green had made out a list for the parade, choosing war veterans instead of prominent men to fill the conspicuous places, and that he had spok-

"You Mustn't Leave Us This Way."

en of Tommy's father as being one of the brave men who had died for the country.

When the crackers and torpedoes were exploded, and Tommy was turning back toward the gate, Roy caught him protestingly by the arm.

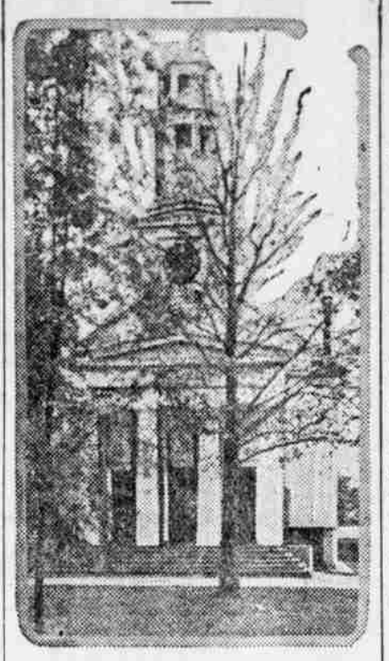
"Look here, Tommy," he cried; "you mustn't leave us this way. We're going to have a game of croquet, and then mamma will have lunch for us in the summer house. After that we'd like to have you in our carriage in the parade. I know papa will be pleased. He said your father was in his company, and that he was one of the best men. It's right that you should be in the parade. And we'd like to have you go with us to the fireworks this evening, too. Papa has charge of them, you know, and maybe he'll let us help a little."

So Tommy remained and played croquet, and had lunch with them in the summer house, and went with them in the parade.

Then he hurried home and told his mother about it, but returned in time to help carry the fireworks to the square in front of the courthouse, and to assist in placing skyrockets and mines and pin wheels in position for firing, and to do many of those important things, which so delight the heart of a boy.

And his conspicuous position in the proceedings of the day so impressed the other boys that they ceased to jeer him from that time on, and took him into their games as a comrade in good standing.

## OLD CONCORD CHURCH



# THIS WAS PEGGY'S DAY OF REAL JOY

## Thoughtfulness for the Unfortunate Brought the Reward That It Deserved.

The little town was gay with bunting, and the clear sunshine and radiant blue of the skies seemed to unite joyously for the festal occasion. Every one seemed infused with the patriotic spirit of the day, and Peggy Marsden felt somewhat ashamed of her drooping spirits as she passed down the street. But it is hard, at twenty-two, when one has quarreled with one's sweetheart and given up a picnic of many weeks' planning in consequence, to feel in the happiest of moods.

She had decided to go down to Susie's to be cheered up. Susie Montgomery, while favored of fortune's children in the matter of wealth, was afflicted with an unsightly deformity that caused her to shun social functions and find her pleasure apart from the crowds. Happy - go - lucky Peggy, as she was often called, had found a sympathetic chord in the girl's heart, and they were warm friends. She knew now that she would have the warmest of sympathizers in Susie.

As she passed along, musing over her trouble, a wan, unhappy little face looked out at her from one of the windows; so serious was it that she thought it, at first, that of an old person. Then it flashed suddenly upon her that it was Dick Marville, the scrubwoman's little boy, who had been thrown from his sled while coasting and had been helplessly paralyzed. As she hurried on she wondered what it must mean to be a boy of ten and housed like that on the fourth of July; a warm wave of sympathy swept over her, and when she reached Susie's house, instead of pouring into her ears the tale of her own trouble, she laid a little plan before her. She knew that the Montgomerys always had splendid fireworks in the evening. What a treat it would be for Dick if he could see them!

"Susie, won't you let me drive your dogcart down to the village and bring poor little Dick Marville up here to see the fireworks? He isn't having any Fourth at all, and it must be dreadfully dull for a boy."

"Why, you dear Peggy, it will be splendid!" And so, instead of grieving over a miserable quarrel, Peggy spent the next few hours in the happiest work she had ever done.

Indeed, Maurice Arnold was little in her thoughts—not half so much as she was in his, for he was having an unhappy time of it. That evening as he passed down Main street on his way home he was surprised to see Susie Montgomery's dogcart at the curb near Dick Marville's home, and Peggy, with the happiest expression on her face he had ever seen, lifting a pale, but radiant, child from the cart. It seemed providential that he should meet her thus. With one bound he sprang forward.

"Peggy, that child is too heavy for you; let me carry him in;" and without waiting for her answer he took the boy from her and passed into the house.

Peggy stood waiting; she couldn't very well hurry away without thanking him; it would be so rude.

In a few moments he was out again, and helping her gently into the cart, he sprang in beside her and drove toward the Montgomerys'.

After a moment Peggy spoke: "To think that poor little Dick Marville should have brought us together like this!"

And Maurice replied: "It wasn't Dick, Peggy; it was your tender sympathy for one in trouble."

A new broom sweeps much cleaner when a new servant girl is operating it.

# CELEBRATED HIS PRIVATE FOURTH

## How Grandfather Watts Recognized Day of Signing of Independence Declaration.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys
That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.
He would say, with a thump of his hickory stick,
That it made an American right down sick
To see his sons, on the Nation's Day,
Sit 'round in a listless sort of way,
With no oration and no train band,
No firework show and no root-beer stand,
While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs,
Were ashamed—great Scott! to fire off squibs.

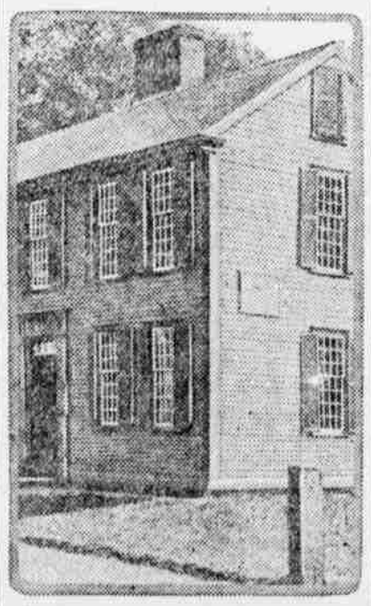
And so each Independence morn,
Grandfather Watts took his powder horn,
And the flintlock-gun his father had
When he fought under Schuyler, a country lad,
And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp
Ten miles to the woods at Beaver Camp;
For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl—
That a decent chipmunk, or woodchuck, or owl
Was better company, friendly or shy,
Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of July.
And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,
And march for the woods, sou' east-by sou'!

But once—ah! long, long years ago,
For grandfather's gone where good men go—
One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,
Such short cuts as boys have always known,
We hurried, and followed the dear old man
Beyond where the wilderness began,
To the deep, black woods at the foot of the Hump,
And there was a clearing and a stump,
And there on the stump our grandfather stood,
Talking and shouting out there in the sun,
And firing that funny old flintlock-gun
Once in a minute, his head all bare,
Having his Fourth of July out there—
The Fourth of July he used to know
Back in eighteen and twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue,
He read the "Declaration" through;
And then, with gestures to left and right,
He made an oration erudite,
Full of words six syllables long;
And then our grandfather broke into song,
And, scaring the squirrels in the trees,
Gave "Hail Columbia" to the breeze.

And I tell you the old man never heard
When we joined in the chorus, word for word!
But he sang out strong to the bright blue sky;
And if voices joined in his Fourth of July
He heard them as echoes of days gone by.
And when he had done, we all slipped back,
As still as we came, on our twisting track,
While words more clear than the flintlock shots
Rang in our ears. And Grandfather Watts?
He shouldered the gun his father bore
And marched off home, nor' west-by nor'!

## CLARK-HANCOCK HOUSE



Built 1698; enlarged 1734; residence of Rev. John Hancock 55 years, and his successor, Rev. Jonas Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 19, 1775.

### Flag Day Popular.

Although Flag day is a comparatively recent addition to the national red letter days, it has been so heartily approved by popular sentiment that its observance in future is likely to be general.



### Reminded Him.

Mr. Highbrow, who posed as an arbiter of taste, looked round the tiers of boxes at the opera house the other evening and said:

"I suppose, if a woman's shoulders are very beautiful, she has a right, a moral right, to wear a very decollete gown. At the same time—"

Mr. Highbrow chuckled and shook his head.

"At the same time," he resumed, "the fashionable woman of today reminds me of the prophet."

"How so?" said his interlocutor. "How so?"

"She hasn't much on 'er in her own country," was the smiling reply.

### Forced to Make Up for Lost Time.

"Whenever I'm yur in Kay See," stated Sandstorm Smith of Rampage, Okla., who is for the nonce in the city's midst, "I don't go to bed with the chickens, by any manner of means, and yet I'm never triflin' around so late at night that I don't see hundreds of prominent people scooting through the scenery in automobiles. Strikes me that folks yur are scandalously behind with their riding."—Kansas City Star.

### Grim Humor.

"There goes Scribbles, the newspaper humorist."

"A merry quipster, eh?"

"He's a quipster, but seldom merry. The only time I ever saw him smile was when there happened to be a shortage of reporters on the local staff and he was asked to write the obituary of a man he didn't like."

### Balancing the Scale.

"Isn't that song rather low?"

"Yes; that's why I'm singing it at the top of my voice."

Some men are such clever liars that they can even explain to the satisfaction of their wives where they have been.

## HAD HIS MOTHER PUZZLED

### Washerwoman Never Could Understand Son, Therefore She Dubbed Him "Grasshopper."

Polly, the washerwoman, was deep in a discussion of her family's shortcomings.

"Mah fambly suttinly do hab some shawtcomin's," she declared. "Fur instance: Mah son Jawge es jes' lak a grasshoppah."

"My goodness!" gasped the mistrees. "How, Polly?"

"Well, buhcawse only two things in de whole worl' worries him: He worries dat he has to wake up to eat, an' den he worries dat he hab to stop eatink' to go to sleep. Ah suttinly doan undahstan' dat boy."

"But how do you conclude that he is like a grasshopper?" queried the perplexed mistress.

"Jes' buhcawse he er de most misundahstandable creature dat Ah kin think of, dat's why," she answered.—Louisville Times.

### Question of Supplies.

"Daisy," remarked her Sunday school teacher, "don't love your cat too much. What would you do if it died—you wouldn't see it again?"

"Oh, yes, teacher; I should see it in heaven."

"No, dear, you're mistaken; animals cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly, "Animals do go to heaven, for the bible says the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and, if there are no animals, where do they get the milk!"

### Two Strings to Little Lester's Bow.

Little Lester Livermore—Mamma, will you give me a nickel if I am a good boy?

Mamma—No; I haven't a nickel to spare now.

Little Lester Livermore—All right, then! Skinny Smart will give me a dime if I can swear worse than he can.—Kansas City Star.

### The Real Thing.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is gratitude?

Paw—Gratitude, son, is the thing that shows up when a rich old bachelor dies and leaves all his money to the woman who once rejected him.

### The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Askitt—Do you keep a servant?

Mrs. Noitt—Yes, and several of her relations.—Indianapolis Star.

Loss of memory is no calamity in case of a fool.

Difference between China's John D. and ours is about $380,000,000.



### Ancient Artisans in Africa.

The question has often been asked: Was there any earlier race in occupation of the area in Africa at present held by the Bantus? In Man W. H. Beech reports that in the Kikuyu country some ancient pottery has been said to be the work of a people called Gumba, who displaced the Miathoachiana, cannibal dwarfs.

These Miathoachiana are now believed to be earth-gnomes, skilled in the art of iron working. Mr. Beech, with some amount of plausibility, suggests that they were possibly bushmen, pygmies, or both, and that they were a local indigenous race of the stone age who used flint implements often found in the Kikuyu country. The Gumba are said to have made pottery and to have taught the Kikuyu the art of smelting. They may have been pre-Bantau Hamite invaders; but of this there is no evidence and the legend may tend to show that the first discovery of iron was made in Africa.

### Nothing Doin'.

"Mamma," called four-year-old Harold from the nursery, "please come and sit by my bed until I go to sleep."

"Mamma's busy now," was the reply. "Keep quiet and the angels will be with you."

"You said that before, mamma," rejoined Harold, "and I have kept quiet ever so long, but not a blamed angel has showed up."

### Sympathetic.

Meeker—Poor man!

Bleeker—To whom do you refer?

Meeker—The chap who is going to marry my former wife.

Bleeker—But I thought he was rich.

Meeker—So he is—poor man!

### At the Club.

"So our proposal was laid on the table, after all."

"I thought it would be dished."

Innocent youngster pleads guilty, evidently hoping to go free.